

THE DAILY NEWS.

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RALEIGH, N. C.

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JUDGE BUXTON AS JUDGE.

There is no more worthy object of eulogy than the man who worthily fills a judicial station. The station is the legitimate goal for the ambition of professional men. It presents a wide sphere for the exertion of learning, ability, and high moral qualifications. To a rightly constituted mind there can be no more congenial occupation than the dispensing of justice. In the business of life nowhere does merit meet with more certain appreciation. If high qualities as a judge have been exhibited on a narrow theatre by any man, the press, the professional tradition, traditions among the people, preserve his memory at least for a generation or two. If that theatre have been a wide and commanding one, his praise finds a proportionate audience. Not only his own, but afterwards dwell with pleasure upon the tribute called forth by his career.

The position of a judge in North Carolina possesses special attractions. The people here are essentially a law-abiding people, and this feeling of reverence for the law is extended to those who dispense it. The manly deference which our people pay to one who is at the same time a good judge and a good man, is the very expression of that homage which should be rendered to a high public functionary by a free people.

The external circumstances attending this station are singularly propitious for the cultivation and exertion of the qualifications it demands. The judge is lifted high above the ordinary currents which agitate society; he is far removed from the pursuits and rivalries which awaken strife among men. He is looked upon as the guardian—as it were—of men's dearest rights. Everything conduces to sustain him in the line of his high duty—a sense of what is due to his station; of what is due to himself; above all, a sense of what is due to his fellow-men. The difficulty seems to be not how to go right, at least in intent, but how to go wrong. Perverted, indeed, must be that nature which could abuse an office so honorable to the prejudice of any man; and evil and perfidious must be the nature which could withhold a just right from one who should appeal to him in his capacity of judge. In proportion to our admiration of the just judge, should be our condemnation of him who desecrates the office by wrong.

In the dark days of 1870, when in defiance of all law and of every feeling of humanity, aged men of spotless character—men, the pillars of their respective churches—were seized by a band of banditti, dragged from their homes and families, and thrust into a crowded prison during the sweltering heats of summer; when the suffering and infirmities of age in its most revered form—age which had been reached after a life spent in the practice of every Christian virtue—were daily made the butt of the scoffs and gibes of brutal ruffians; when with enfeebled frames, men were pining under the distress of mind engendered by the contemplation of the ignominious fate which threatened them; application was made in their behalf to Buxton, then one of the Circuit Judges, for the writ of *habeas corpus*. This writ is the great remedy for delivering a person from unjust imprisonment. It exists among English-speaking people, and exists nowhere else. Among no other people does an adequate remedy exist for an invasion of individual freedom. In all the vast heritage of political wisdom derived from our English ancestors, there is nothing more valued than this. It is the inalienable right of every human being within the limits of the State. It is so declared by the Constitution. It is so declared by the *Habeas Corpus* Act. Its sanctity has been enforced by every judicial writer, by every Judge wherever the common law prevails, and by our own Judges down to the Radical revolution. But this writ, in defiance of the Constitution, of the law, of every sentiment of humanity towards those who were thus wronged, and of his own solemn oath, Judge Buxton refused.

It would have been natural to suppose that a man who had disregarded the duties of his high position—who had been instrumental in breaking down that barrier of respect and honor which amongst us as a people has always hedged around the judicial station—who had repaid our people for the honors heaped upon him by a denial of their most sacred right—would, in a day when constitutional rights are the rallying cry of good men, have been content to shelter himself from public condemnation in a quiet station. But his experiments upon the public patience have only served to embolden him.

To-day this man is before the people urging his pretensions to the highest office in their gift. It is upon the ground that he did his best to murder the liberties of our people? Annul the *habeas corpus* and liberty is gone. What grosser arrogance on the part of the man himself—what profounder contempt towards us as a people could be expressed than is expressed in his attitude towards us? "True," he says in act, so much stronger than words, "True, I have trampled upon

your constitution and your laws, and that too when your most sacred rights were concerned; but I have only adapted my course to your base natures. Dogs the more they are kicked and cuffed, the more they cringe—the more obedient they are." Such translated into words is the position of this man to-day. It is clear that he thinks we, as a people, are

"Pigeon-livered and lack gall To make oppression bitter."

THE TREMENDOUS physical constitution and energy of the Southern people, at least of the males, (says the *Detroit Free Press*), whose good sense is not confined to its fun, is something unparalleled in history. That they spend a good portion of their nights in riding about and engaging in murder, arson, robbery and other crimes, is conceded by every Republican newspaper and preacher from every Republican stump. An ordinary race of men would, of course, require sleep and rest during the day time; but no sooner do these Southern banditti arrive home and take off their masks and put away their pistols than they begin the work of the day-time by raising cane, cotton and other products to a larger extent than before the war. Some of them, too, after a hard night's ride, their hands still covered with blood, go to work manufacturing the cotton which the other ku-klux have raised. They even send to the hated North for machinery. A Northern newspaper says that the Lewiston (Maine) Machine Company's works were never so busy as now. Looms are being made for mills in Georgia, North and South Carolina, and the shops are run at their fullest capacity to fill the orders. Hence we say that a people capable of manufacturing and raising cotton by day, and in the classic words of HORR, of Michigan, "hell" by night, are at once the most vigorous and the most industrious of any people on earth.

A COMMITTEE from Kansas is now at St. Louis soliciting aid for the starving and destitute in the northern part of that State. The lowest estimate places the number of people who are suffering at 25,000, and the cause of the affliction is a drought, which with a visitation from the green worm and chinch bug has ruined the wheat, corn and potato crops in a half-dozen counties. Gov. ST. JOHN has advised all the people in the drought-stricken district to leave Kansas, if possible.

If the cotton crop of 1880 should reach 6,000,000 bales, as has been predicted, it will require 75,000 miles of hoop iron to tie it. There will be required 36,000,000 of these bands, 11 feet long and weighing 1,200 to the ton. Their total weight will be 30,000 tons, and their cost about \$3,000,000.

THE Indianapolis *Sentinel* groups the Democratic vote of the North and that of the South to show that the Democratic party North is larger than it is South. The Northern Democratic vote aggregates 2,670,685, while that of the South is only 1,613,982.

Political Prospects

[Special to the Baltimore Sun, 31st.]
WASHINGTON, August 31.—Senators Wallace and Whyte and Hon. Richard T. Merrick were all in town to-day. Senator Whyte and Mr. Merrick have both lately returned from visits to the North, and Senator Wallace has been devoting much attention to his own State of Pennsylvania. All three of these gentlemen are in the best of spirits over Democratic prospects. A leading Tammany politician told Senator Whyte that the question in New York was only as to the amount of the Democratic majority. Mr. Merrick saw Gen. Hancock very recently, and has had a letter from Mr. English. Both Gen. Hancock and Mr. English are entirely confident of the country need not give themselves the least uneasiness as to Indiana. Representative Hurd, of Ohio, who is a clear-headed man, told Mr. Merrick he had the strongest hopes of the Democrats carrying that State. Senator Wallace still thinks the Democrats have an excellent chance to carry Pennsylvania, and as to the election of Hancock and a Democratic House of Representatives, he says there can be no doubt. Leading Republicans here profess the same confidence in regard to their prospects. Gen. Ketcham, of New York, ex-District Commissioner, and now a member of the House, who is an exceedingly shrewd politician, insists that the Republicans will get New York, and that they will carry Indiana in October without any trouble, and he says the same of Maine.

Sanguine Republicans

The Republican campaign committee has figured up a majority for their party in the next House, so that everything is lovely, so far as calculations go, on both sides. There will be great disappointment somewhere after the October elections.

Ex-Gov. Paul O. Hebert, of Louisiana, who died in New Orleans Sunday evening, of cancer, was born in Iberville parish, December 12, 1818, was graduated at West Point in the class of '40, served two years as teacher of engineering there, and then resigned from the army, becoming a planter, and afterward State engineer of Louisiana. He was colonel of the Twelfth United States Infantry in the Mexican war, and distinguished himself at Molino del Rey and Chapultepec. In 1852 he was elected Governor of Louisiana, under the new constitution, serving four years. He was a brigadier-general in the Confederate army.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

[Correspondence of THE RALEIGH NEWS.]

NEW YORK, Sunday, August 29.

EDITORIAL NEWS.—The sermon preached to me this morning was not spoken, but seen, and I trust, felt. It was more impressive than any that could proceed from living lips. Death was the preacher. I stood in his presence, gazing on the calm and sweet face, never to be seen again in this world, of a valued lady friend, for many years the wife, and for five years past the widow, of my friend James Bogle, who will probably be remembered by many in North and South Carolina, as well as here, as an artist, not less than an intelligent and high-toned Christian gentleman. She closed her life of fifty-eight years, of which the last was one of intense suffering, on Friday. As a wife and mother she had faithfully performed her duties; had long ago given herself to God through His Church, and hence calmly contemplated the end which she was well aware was at hand. Her face in death gave no sign of the pain she had endured in life—an assurance, I humbly trust, that her immortal spirit is now where there is no more suffering, no more death. I hope your readers will pardon this slight tribute, and these solemn reflections, by one who has thus parted from one more friend, and knows that he must soon part from all.

MONDAY, August 30.—Among the many North Carolinians whom I have seen or know of as here, and I have probably not seen the half of them, are Mr. Powell, of Whiteville; Crowson, Burns and Crowder, of Wadesboro; Ingram, of Lenoir; Watson, of Rockingham; Marsh, of Clinton; Baldwin, McLean and two Messrs. McCaskill, of Shoe Heel; Thornton and Hawley, of Fayetteville; Caldwell, of Davidson College; W. F. Parker, of Enfield; S. Pinkers, of Statesville; Currie, of Clarkton; Rev. F. H. Ivey, of Goldsboro; Shepherd and Gilbert, of Elmwood; H. A. Crawford, of Wadesboro; H. A. Gudger, of Raleigh; Ledbetter and Crump, of Polkton; Jesse H. Lindsay and Julius A. Gray, of Greensboro; E. T. McKethan, of Fayetteville; Mr. Kivett, of Harnett.

Ben Butler has given another evidence in his speech at Boston of the truthfulness of his description of himself. People, said he, many years ago, "called me Beast, spook, thief, scoundrel, and all that, but nobody ever called me a fool." If any one had ever done so, he would do so no longer, for his speech is a very powerful one, and on the right side this time. It was deemed so important that it was telegraphed entire to the papers here and appeared in them on the morning after its delivery. Ben Butler is not a fool, and may be a better man than he once was.

Gen. D. H. Hill, formerly of Charlotte, has favored me with a copy of the catalogue of the Arkansas Industrial University, a State Institution, which is exceptionally flourishing, its students numbering 450. It is pleasant to see that the staunch old Confederate is appreciated in his new home, as he was in his old home.

It is said that the new translation of the Bible, which has been in progress for ten years past, by the most learned Divines in Europe and the United States, is nearly completed, the New Testament being finished and in print. It is to be copyrighted in England, but cannot be in this country. It is said that McMillan & Co., London Publishers, have paid the expenses to the amount of a hundred thousand dollars, and will have the English copyright. Their branch house in this city will doubtless sell their copies till some publisher here shall pirate it, and that will no doubt soon be done.

English Ways.

[From the New York Times.]

The House of Commons presented on Friday morning, as, indeed, it has often presented before, certain features which no other popular assembly could faithfully reproduce—the dawn of a summer morning breaking in upon some 600 gentlemen who, night after night, are spending the weary hours when the rest of the world, except policemen, journalists, and thieves, are asleep, in the unpaid service of their country. The tall, stalwart, bearded figure representing the head of the Government has been in his place, with a brief interval for dinner, since 6 o'clock the previous afternoon, and as the weary members who wear the dissipated look which evening dress and spent white ties always give, is perhaps the most striking feature of the scene, a weary obstruction harangue, that the same rays are awakening herds of deer among the lovely glades of his ancestral park at Bolton Abbey, or gilding the vane of his yet more splendid home of Chatsworth. Yet this heir to millions and the grandest homes in Christendom, a keen sportsman, too, in the prime of a vigorous manhood, gives up all his enjoyment to toil all day in a most laborious public office, and to sit all night and a good slice of the morning in a fetid, heated atmosphere. Does he seek honors in the shape of a peerage, a blue ribbon? Not a bit of it. He is already a Marquis, he will be his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, and the garter is almost his birthright. What he does must be in great degree ascribed to that sheer love of head work which has made the Anglo-Saxon race what it is, and without which relaxation has no relish for a man, be he English or American, peasant or peer. To a Russian nobleman with a revenue of a million and the highest rank such devotion would probably be as incomprehensible as it is to German generals, that the champions of reform in England have been the representatives of the wealthiest and most aristocratic houses.

Immigrants continue to arrive at New York in large numbers almost daily, and the increase of this kind of travel has been such that the Hamburg-American Packet Co. have put five extra steamers on their line. It is stated that most of the immigrants now arriving have friends in the West, who during the spring and summer sent them the passage tickets on which they now come. The most of them go directly to Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and Wisconsin, to work on farms or in shops.

Truth-tellers have always been martyrs, because the truth is almost always disagreeable. Recognizing this state of affairs the Turks say, "He who speaks the truth must have one foot in the stirrup."

TEXAS CYCLONES.

A Raleigh Lady Sees One.

PORT BROWN, TEXAS, August 15. "We have had such a fearful excitement here for the last few days that I have not been able to write, and I expect, too, you will see accounts of it in the papers, and be a good deal frightened."

Thursday morning, when we woke up, it was storming some, and it kept getting worse every minute, kept up all day, and by 9 o'clock at night it was simply fearful. This continued till 9 a. m., when there was a lull for a few minutes, and then it changed to the opposite direction.

IT WAS A CYCLONE.

And I never want to see another. We thought our house would certainly be blown down. The storm came from the north, and as our house faces in that direction we got the full force of it. The water was over our ankles in the hall, and rushing like a river, and pouring in from the roof, filling our bed-room, and from thence to the parlor below. The dining-room kept dry, till the wind changed to the south, and then we got it in there, though not quite so badly. Just then I heard something burst through with a terrible noise, and I thought it was the front door. I felt sure that the whole house would be blown down, but as soon as they could get the storm lantern lighted they found it was only the transom.

I did not close my eyes all night and was rushing around like a distracted thing, first up stairs, then down, then out to the servants' rooms, where there was less noise. It kept up from early Thursday morning to 8 a. m. on Friday. The post is

A PERFECT WRECK.

The artillery barracks are unroofed, houses down, parts of them scattered in every direction, and the quarters, of course, like a ruin too. We expected every minute the whole building would go down. Our quarters are bad enough, but the others are even worse. In the next house the front door was blown down and the back door split in two, and all the windows broken out. Two doors below the house was laid even with the ground. The Commissary's, a large brick building, with iron roof, built for the Ordnance, went down, and all stores dreadfully damaged—barrels of flour burst open and flying in every direction. The Cavalry stables blown down with the horses in them. Only one laundress' house standing out of more than twenty. The infantry unroofed and not a dry bed in it. Hospital likewise—in fact every building at the post. The Corral was down and killed four horses and several men. Some of them are supposed to be in the river. The men on guard had to stick their bayonets in the ground and pull themselves along on their knees. It was so dark they could not see at all, for as fast as the lanterns were carried out the wind blew them out. There is very

LITTLE LEFT OF BROWNSVILLE.

not a house but what is dreadfully damaged, and they say it will never be rebuilt as they have not the money.

Fearful accounts come up from the Point which is the place on the Gulf where the steamers land. A great many lives lost and not a lighter or ship of any kind left. The whole Point washed away. The cars which run from thence to Brownsville are all gone, and the track torn up. A tug went down the Rio Grande yesterday to see if they could be of any assistance, as the Galveston steamer was expected, and the Ringgold steamer will go down for the same purpose, but of course they can go no farther than the mouth of the river. The Galveston steamer will have to go right back without unloading if it ever gets here, as there is no way of landing. They say as soon as we can hear it will be even worse at Galveston and along the coast, but I don't see how that is possible.

It was amusing to compare notes after it was all over. I slept on the floor of my dining room. One lady, who is a Roman Catholic, not satisfied with the amount of water in the house, was throwing holy water

A Substitute for a Wife.

[New York Herald.]

The breezy Captain Maryatt relates in one of his novels an incident illustrative alike of the wonderful force of habit and the facility of substitution, so to speak, in human nature. It's awful to think that one's place in the world may be filled by a scrubbing brush, and yet the captain demonstrates the possibility of such a thing. A worthy old salt, so goes the chronicle, had been in the habit of sleeping with his hand on his wife's head. She wore her hair close cropped, it is narrated, yet to the weather-beaten hand the stubble cushion seemed of downy softness, such is the power of infatuation and perfect sympathy. The worthy tar all too soon became a widower, and for weeks, when he stretched out his hands in bed and found only the smooth pillow beside him he could not sleep. Long and deeply was he troubled, and the physicians tried in vain. Finally, he one night took the scrubbing brush to bed with him, placed it upside down on the pillow next him, reposed his hand upon it and slept as sweetly restful as his wife-soldiered life. Now, another widower, who states that he lives in New York, has written a letter to his office to state that he has recently had the extreme felicity of burying his wife, and that as he misses her well-dressed form in the house he intends, instead of getting an old maid for a companion, to purchase a dressmaker's frame and dress it up four or five times a year in the newest fashions and millinery wrinkles and so replace his loss. "So long as the bills from the dressmaker come in regularly," he writes, "I can still feel like a married man." From some subsequent allusions in this purported widower's letter the suspicion grows that he is not what he pretends to be, but is, in fact, a married man who has failed to subscribe for the new fall bonnet now due, and his faithful wife has grown acrimonious.

ANSON.

[Correspondence of THE RALEIGH NEWS.]

LIVESTON, Aug. 30.

EDITORIAL NEWS.—A gentleman of much experience and sagacity in politics, a "level-headed" man, now resident in Washington City, writes me, and he writes truthfully, thus: "This city is, according to opinions formed from long observation and experience, the best and most reliable political barometer or indicator in the United States—as the 'whoop' goes here, so goes the election. Everybody, except Hayes' office-holders and the negroes, are for Hancock. The merchants of the city have shut down on credit office-holders and are collecting all they can from them before the new exodus takes place."

And my observant friend further says: "Not long ago it was suicidal for a merchant, or tradesman, or hotel man here to advertise in a Democratic paper. Now, to my certain knowledge, since Hancock's nomination, the — and the —, and all the other papers of our faith have more applications for advertising than they can accommodate."

This, though apparently a small fact, means something. Those shrewd Washington men know "which side of their bread's buttered."

MEN-CHILDREN.

There is a matter demanding the close attention of county and township executive committees, and that attention should be given at once—now.

It's this: numbers of negro men are now attending the free schools of Anson, and I reasonably suppose of other counties, claiming to be under 18 years of age. Some of them voted at the last election. All such will claim the right to vote in November. A list of them should be at once obtained from the teachers. Does not this matter come within the purview of the State Executive Committee? My friend Coke's attention is called to it.

WEATHER AND CROPS.

Hot and dry. Cotton is shedding, and the rust doing very considerable damage. The crop will fall far short of what was expected three weeks ago. The mercury crawls up to 90 every day; while sensible men like your correspondent (?) "crawl" alternately from cider-house to Supper-nong vine—the "what tree?" shade is somewhat mythical. Our planters are paying fifty cents per hundred for cotton picking, which is too much. But if they can stand it I can, for I only have five acres, and those three or four "sons of their father" can jerk that in and still have time enough to go fishin' and chinquapin huntin' every day.

A TIEN

of my intimate acquaintance has so far as incubation and nidification go, unsided and alone, raised four broods of chickens, aggregating over fifty since March last. At least the fourth is so far advanced to maturity and fertility that she has a red comb and is preparing for more trouble in the family. She is a good hen, though the young ones look at her rather wonderingly and reproachfully now as she leaves them to scratch for themselves while she goes flunking and cannoodling around with the roosters.

AN IMMENSE WILD CAT

was killed on the river near here on Saturday last, by Mr. Jim Clark. 'Twas a savage looking and dangerous varmint; but his claws are to be converted into buttons for the adornment of the shirt front of — Yours, &c., CUTS.

The Fountain of Youth.

[From the New York Times 29th.]

The London *Standard* has hitherto exclusive information of two events, which may be fairly described as of vital interest to those who can put two and two together and are as averse as most men are to shuffling off this mortal coil. The first is that Dr. Norris, of Birmingham, has so mastered the chemistry of the blood of man that he can manufacture it, say by the gallon or barrel. Now, blood without an organism is like savored salt, but given an organism, if only good new blood, could be supplied at will when the unaided powers of nature begin to fail, why might not the human machine go on forever? This is mere theory on our part, but the *Standard's* authority says it is a fact, and that it is shown to be so by another test of human endurance, beside which even Dr. Tanner's "apropos of which the story is told"—"pales its ineffectual fire." This strange thing has, it seems, been going on right among us, that is to say, "in a town in Louisiana," for no less and no more distant a period than the last five years. An old man of 90 is at once the subject of the prolonged experiment, and the still living proof of the theory that the decay of the tissues may be arrested, and the entire system may be rejuvenated by a perpetual application of the process of transfusion of blood. Upon this Mr. A., and in this "town of Louisiana," Dr. F., (it is to be regretted that the original narrative is not more precise in its statements,) has operated two or three times weekly, and now Mr. A.'s gait and color have wonderfully improved, the withered appearance of his flesh is nearly gone, and he declares that he feels as strong as half a century ago. In short, five years ago there seemed every reason why he should die, and now there seems to be none why he should not live as long as the supply of blood holds out, and that, since Dr. Norris's discovery, means forever. Here, then, is at last found the object of Ponce De Leon's fatal voyage. If, now, Dr. F. or Mr. A., would only confirm this remarkable story, we should be quite ready to agree that "reason stands aweek at the probable success of science in eventually conquering 'the last enemy that is to be destroyed.'"

WATTS.

The very best men sometimes make a mistake, for no man's arrow always hits the mark. The French say, "Even a good fisherman may possibly let an eel slip from him."

The great evil is not that adverse fortune occasionally knocks a man down, but that he allows the blow to knock all the spirit out of him at the same time.

The man who already has something finds no difficulty in borrowing more, but the man who has nothing may keep it for himself as long as he pleases. The world is so peculiar that he who eats capons gets capon from his many friends, while he who eats nothing gets nothing from his neighbors.

FARMERS' COLUMN.

Our State Agricultural Society.

We are glad to note the earnestness and activity with which the officers of this institution are preparing for its ensuing annual exhibition, and that the prospects for success are so encouraging. And it is still more satisfying to see that its importance is gradually growing in the esteem of our people, as is evidenced by the patronage, which is widening and expanding year after year.

Prejudices may exist, and complaints may have been made against its management, but whether they be well founded, it is as little our purpose as it is our inclination to discuss at this time. We would look at it in a broader view. We would not forget that human government is not perfect, and we would remember the sacrifices which have marked the devotion of a few of our patriotic citizens in fostering and sustaining it. And of these we speak with confidence and pride, for we happened to have occupied a position where they were constantly under our observation. We would therefore regard it as a State institution, and as such would look at its high mission, and its abundant capabilities for good. As a citizen of the State our whole political creed may be embodied in this brief and simple platform:

The advancement of our educational and material interests should be paramount to all other considerations of State policy.

Whatever, in any measure, contributes to the promotion of these great interests should have our earnest support and encouragement as a people. For upon their development depends entirely the future character of our State, and its position politically, socially and commercially.

We would therefore give our hearty support to the State Agricultural Society, and all kindred enterprises. Agriculture is, and of necessity must continue to be, for all time, the great overshadowing interest of our people. It is the broad foundation upon which rest all our other interests. It controls the votes and pays the taxes, and any and all agencies employed to improve it should receive the ready and willing sanction of not only the farmers of the State, but of all classes of our people. We are a nation of critics. We ordinarily have little charity towards those who assume the responsibility of inaugurating enterprises, however laudable, or however important to ourselves, especially if their endeavor is the least colored with a probability of failure. We were forcibly impressed with the spirit and good sense of a reply given by a prominent Edgemoor farmer, at the Annual Fair in 1877, to a discontented critic; said he: "Well sir, your remark may be true, but I don't feel that I have the right to criticize anything, for I brought nothing here to exhibit, and I feel that I ought to have done so." Substantial appreciation is shown of the great value of these organizations, by many of the most prosperous and progressive States in annual appropriations of thousands of dollars to aid them. Kansas and Colorado especially have utilized them to great advantage in augmenting their aggregate population and wealth. In many of the States subordinate organizations exist in almost every county. The growth and progress of the State of Georgia may be justly and in no small measure ascribed to the efficiency and character of her Annual Fairs. And what has been done in those States may be easily done here.

Our State Agricultural Department has justly recognized the State Fair as a valuable auxiliary to its work, and its support will doubtless be continued. Gratifying as was the display made by the Department last year, it is to be hoped that it will be improved upon at each succeeding Fair. But this cannot be done without the voluntary aid of the farmers of the State. And the views here given as to the relations existing between the people of the State and the State Fair apply with equal justice to the people of different sections and their respective local affairs. With our splendid crops, and the comparatively easy condition of our people, all the Fairs this Fall in the State should be greatly improved. We would rejoice to see the visitors to all of them, where they have been numbered by hundreds, augmented to thousands. Cannot this be accomplished by our State Fair? With the facilities afforded by railroads reaching out in every direction, giving easy and rapid transit, and the readiness with which they give cheap rates of fare, why may we not have on the grounds an average of fifteen thousand visitors per day? Return tickets at cheap rates, to hold good for two weeks, and sold at the principal points on lines converging to this city, would doubtless add thousands to the crowd of visitors. If well and judiciously advertised along the lines running North, we are satisfied from correspondence with parties desiring to visit our State, that large numbers would be induced to come from the Northern States. We hope that our farmers, mechanics, artisans, ladies, manufacturers and all classes will give a more generous encouragement to our Fair than it has hitherto enjoyed, and that its splendid success this fall will establish it firmly in the esteem of our people.

Questions and Answers.

PEAS FOR FALL PLANTING.

Can you tell me, if you know a variety of pea that may be sown in the fall with oats, and that will withstand the winter and come on after the oats are harvested and make a crop? I have been referred to you for information.

Winnboro, S. C., Aug. 24, '80.

Answer.—We know of no variety of pea that will do this. The variety known as the Old Red Cow Pea, is the hardest with which we are acquainted. We have known it to withstand the winter, when plowed in with oats in the fall, when the ground was well covered with grass vines, &c., and the winter was mild. There is also a black variety that is said to be very hardy, but we do not believe that any variety has yet been found, whose qualities would warrant the experiment.

MUTTON SHEEP.

Will you tell me which is the best breed of sheep for mutton? I live near enough to the Raleigh market I think to make it pay.

Answer.—The South Down is universally acknowledged to be superior to all other breeds for mutton.

Please inform me as to the best variety

of wheat to sow on bottom lands that are subject to overflow, and that will best resist rust.—*Patterson's Mills, Aug. 27, 1880.*

Answer.—To put a crop of wheat on lands liable to overflow is too great a risk and should be avoided, if practicable. Experience has demonstrated that the varieties are best, whose qualities for resistance against weather tests are required.

We know of but one variety in this country which it is claimed is free from the ravages of rust. This was imported at heavy cost four years ago by the Messrs. Miller and Mr. John Wadsworth, of Charlotte. It is a large amber wheat with heavy, stout stalk, and yields finely. Through these four years it has stood the test perfectly on the model farm of Mr. Wadsworth at Charlotte, and he is satisfied that it is rust proof. By the way, we would suggest to our farmer friends, who may visit Charlotte to go out and take a walk over this farm. They may then see what effect the "No Fence Law," intelligent fertilizing, and thorough tillage in its inspection to those of our people who believe that grass and grain farming will not pay anywhere in the cotton belt of our State.

HOW TO DRESS A SHEEP.

Good mutton should constitute the chief meat diet on every farm, especially through out the summer season. But how few people know how to dress it. It is a fact that cannot be denied, that in this country markets it is difficult to get mutton that can be relied on. It is fat enough, it is clean enough; but that "wooly taste," of which almost every child has heard, seems to pervade or permeate the whole carcass. And to avoid this, almost all our people, in butchering a mutton, are scrupulously careful not to let the wool touch the skin, and their greatest care is to take the hide off as quick as possible. This is all well enough and should be done, but it does not meet the trouble. The "wooly taste" is caused by the gases of the intestines being absorbed by the flesh, and therefore the first thing to be done after the animal is dead is to remove rapidly and quickly the intestines and before taking off the hide. Suspend it by the hind legs, thrust the knife through the neck and back of the wind-pipe and sever the arteries. Death will rapidly ensue. Lay open the skin along the belly and legs quickly and strip it back so as to be out of the way, and then disembow it as quickly as possible. Now remove the skin and with clean water wash it out thoroughly, and if cooked properly no unpleasant taste will be discovered. There is a broad difference between a properly and a bunglingly dressed mutton, as boarders throughout our whole State can testify. L. L. P.

Wilkes.

[Correspondence of THE RALEIGH NEWS.]

TRAP HILL, AUGUST 27.

On the 21st inst. the District Convention for Wilkes, Iredeil and Alexander came off at Taylorsville and resulted in the selection of Dr. York and Thomas S. Tucker, of Iredeil. Both are good and true men, but in the selection of Dr. York, the champion of Wilkes, we feel that the old and fire-tried county of Wilkes has again carried the Democratic banner successfully. He certainly is the ideal of the farmers of Wilkes. In him they have a bold and strong advocate and one that constantly keeps an eye upon their interests. To him the good people of Wilkes owe a debt of everlasting gratitude that can never be paid. He has stood in the county as a wall of fire, having back the hosts of Radicalism that have been so destructive to the county.

Fifteen years ago Dr. York took the stump in behalf of the tax payers of the county. At that time the county was a Republican majority of some 900 votes. Solitary and alone the Doctor gave battle to this mighty host, his master efforts in behalf of the people were heard and on only two occasions have they been able to defeat him and then by very small majorities. He has served his people in both branches of the Legislature and in both sessions have the Republicans been able to bring a charge against him or show that he has ever voted away one cent of the people's money. Four years ago when the county governments were changed the Doctor gave the county 55 good and competent magistrates, he then served as our Senator. At that date the Republican party had managed the county finances so badly that the county debt reached near \$30,000, and two years later the magistrates appointed by Dr. York met in Wilkesboro and elected as Commissioners, John T. Fumly, John Cooper and Rufus Colvert. A better set of Commissioners no county in the State could boast of. They at once probed the management of the Republican party from the bottom and on the same terms met by the Republicans they have paid in two years \$10,000 of the county indebtedness, which leaves a debt of only \$20,000 on the county yet unpaid. The same Commissioners have just been re-elected and the tax payers are happy over the thought of soon being out of debt.

The Doctor also by an act of the Legislature has thrown a cloak of protection around the much abused justice of the county; they are now paid promptly when discharged, and the pauper rates are going better every day. From the assistance heretofore given, and by the Dr. York's help we hope to see the Cape Fear & Yadkin Valley Railroad completed though the county at an early day. Well may the people of Wilkes feel proud at the selection of their gallant Doctor to represent them again in the Senate of North Carolina. The doctor will make a thorough canvass of his district, and we not only match on the stump. The doctor has been thoroughly identified with all the relief measures given the people by the Democratic Legislature. We will give him the largest majority of any Senator in the State.

In the person of Col. Tucker, of Iredeil county, we have equally as bold and gallant defender and Wilkes will rally to him man to man.

General Hancock and Governor Jarvis will sweep every thing in this section, the people are wide awake. Col. Armfield will carry a very heavy vote, probably the largest any man has ever carried in this section for Congress. More anon. P.

A New Yorker has bought the Shufeldt gold mine in Catawba and will work it. Price \$10,000.

THE DAILY NEWS.
RALEIGH, N. C.
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1880.
COMMERCIAL NEWS.

By Telegraph.

MARKET REPORT—NOON.

New York, August 31.—Money strong at 2 1/2. Exchange long 4.80; short 4.83. State bonds dull and nominal; Governments quiet and firm. Cotton dull; sales 1,122; uplands 12; Orleans 12. Futures quiet and firm; September delivery 10.11; October 10.14; November 10.13; December 10.14; January 10.15. Corn dull and lower. Pork firm at \$16.00. Lard steady at \$8.15. Spirits turpentine 33. Rosin \$1.45. Freight quiet.

MARKET REPORT—NIGHT.

New York, August 31.—Money 2 1/2. Exchange 4.80. Government bonds strong and higher; five per cent. 1.02; four and a half per cent. 1.11; four per cent. 1.10. State bonds dull.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SOUTHAMPTON BACON!!

EDWARD J. HARDIN, Grocer.

Southampton Brandy,

Old Apple Brandy for Brandy Peaches: Ringwood Brandy (Garrett's); Fine Brandy, Whiskies, Wines, Ales, &c., &c.

The Lunch Milk Biscuit.

THE BEST OF PLAIN CRACKERS, 15 CTS. PER POUND.

The Capadura Cigar.

The best 5 cent Cigar in the world.

THE HUB PUNCH.

Regular New York Price \$1.25 per Bottle retail; \$13.00 per case of one dozen bottles.

Fine Provisions!

Groceries and Provisions of every description: Flour, Meats, Beans, Choice Butter, Fine Teas, Sugars, Coffee, &c., &c.

OLIVE OIL!

Francesconi's Best Salad Oil, imported in tin and sold by myself, is the best from the Custom House; unquestionably genuine, and unsurpassed in quality.

E. J. HALE & SON,

PUBLISHERS,

Booksellers & Stationers,

17 MURRAY STREET.

NEW YORK

INVITE ORDERS FOR

BOOKS OF THEIR OWN PUBLICATION,

AND FOR ALL OTHER

SCHOOL, MISCELLANEOUS AND

STANDARD BOOKS,

AND FOR ALL KINDS OF

STAPLE STATIONERY.

WRITING PAPERS—Cap, Letter, Note and other sizes.

BLANK BOOKS, of all grades.

ENVELOPES, of all sizes and colors and quality.

SCHOOL SLATES, best quality, all sizes.

SLATES AND LEAD PENCILS.

PENS, INKS, MUCILAGE, Etc., Etc.

Those who favor us with their orders, by mail or in person, may rely upon having them filled promptly, and at prices which we believe to be quite as low as can be had in this market. Send for Catalogue and Price List.

E. J. HALE & SON,

PUBLISHERS, BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS

17 Murray Street, New York.

Oct. 7, 1879-1880

Reduced Passenger Rates

VIA

THE PIEDMONT AIR LINE.

On and after this date Round Trip Tickets will be sold from Raleigh to Richmond and return for \$10.00, good for thirty days, Raleigh to Washington and return \$14.00, good until November 1st, 1880. Passengers leaving Raleigh at 3.35 p.m. via Greensboro and the Virginia Midland Railroad, will be in Washington next morning at 7.00 a.m. and in New York at 3.45 p.m. Shortest, quickest, best and cheapest route to all points North and East.

W. A. TUCK, Agent, Raleigh, N. C.

J. C. R. LITTLE, Ticket Agent, Raleigh, N. C.

OSBORN HOUSE,

(Formerly Cook's Hotel).

Convenient to business part of city. Prices as moderate as any first-class house in the city.

C. D. OSBORN,

Manager.

Wire, Railing and Ornamental

WORKS.

DUPUR & CO.,

63 N. HOWARD STREET, BALTIMORE.

May 24 to Jan 10 '81

Raleigh Markets.

Official Report of the Cotton Market.

REPORTED BY

THE COTTON EXCHANGE.

RALEIGH, August 31, 1880

Middling new.....107

Good Middling.....111

Low Middling.....105

Good Ordinary.....100

Low Ordinary.....95

Good Middling.....107

Low Middling.....105

Good Ordinary.....100

Low Ordinary.....95

Good Middling.....107

Low Middling.....105

Good Ordinary.....100

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Low Ordinary.....95

Good Middling.....107

Low Middling.....105

Good Ordinary.....100

STATE SCHOOL BOOKS.

OFFICIAL

State of North Carolina,

Office Supt. Public Instruction,

RALEIGH, Sept. 9th, 1880.

CAPT. W. B. KENDRICK,

Gen. Agent University Pub. Co.,

RALEIGH, N. C.

DEAR SIR:—It gives me pleasure to

inform you that

Holmes' Readers and Speller,

Maury's Geographies,

Holmes' Grammars and History

have been adopted for use in the Public

Schools of this State.

Very respectfully,

JOHN C. SCARBOROUGH,

Supt. of Public Instruction.

READERS AND SPELLERS:

HOLMES' FIRST READER, Retail, \$0.18

HOLMES' SECOND READER, 30

HOLMES' THIRD READER, 45

HOLMES' FOURTH READER, 60

HOLMES' FIFTH READER, 75

HOLMES' SPELLER, 15

EXTRA READER FOR ADVANCED

CLASSES.

HOLMES' ACADEMIC OR SIXTH

READER, \$1.25

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MAURY'S FIRST LESSONS IN GE-

MAURY'S WORLD WE LIVE IN, 1.00

MAURY'S MANUAL OF GEOGRAPHY, 1.00

MAURY'S PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY, 2.00

MAURY'S WALL MAPS, Set of 10 10.00

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HOLMES' ENGLISH GRAMMAR, 70

HOLMES' HISTORY OF THE UNITED

STATES, 1.25

These books are now EXTENSIVELY

used in the Public and Private Schools

throughout the State. Such schools as have

not introduced the books can get INTRO-

DUCTORY terms on application to

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Gen'l Agent University Pub. Co.,

RALEIGH, N. C.

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—BY—

B. L. Gilderleeve, Ph. D., Göttingen,

LL.D., Professor of Greek in Johns

Hopkins University, Baltimore.

Rarely have text-books been greeted with so

large a measure of favor and hearty apprecia-

tion, as these books by Professor Gilderleeve

have received from the best scholars and

practical men of the country. The author,

now of national reputation as a scholar, has

very complete preparation for such a work.

After being graduated at Princeton, he studied

for several years in the Universities of Ger-

many, where he received his Ph.D., etc., with

highest honors. His subsequent life has been

devoted to teaching and linguistic study. When

the new and richly endowed Johns Hopkins

University sought for a fit man for its chair of

Greek, the appointment was conferred on Prof.

Gilderleeve, after wide conference and without

his solicitation or effort, and his work as senior

professor of the University attracts marked at-

tention. He is also the presiding officer of the

American Philological Association.

Prof. Gilderleeve's Latin books are the pro-

duct of this order of ability and educational

training. His books are not only recent

studies in Latin philology, they are simple,

clear and practical in method.

THE LATIN PRIMER.

complete in itself, a naturally developed course

for beginners, at once holds the interest of the

pupil, and prepares him thoroughly for study

and intelligent use of Grammar and Reader or

Latin author. It supplies: "Maximum of

Form; Minimum of Syntax; Early Contact

with the Language in Action."

A teacher in one of the leading High Schools

of the country, who conducted a large class

through this book, writes:

"We have just finished the Primer, having

spent upon it thirty-four weeks; and I have

been trying to realize my pupils' attitude to-

RAILROAD SCHEDULES.

North Carolina Railroad Co.,

Secretary and Treasurer's Office,

COMPANY STORE, N. C., Aug. 5, 1880.

The second payment of 3 per cent. of

Dividend No. 18, will be paid September

1st, and payable to stockholders of 1880

on 10th of August, 1880.

The Stock Books of the Company will

be closed from 10th of August to 1st Sep-

tember, 1880.

P. B. RUPPIN,

August 1st.

Petersburg Railroad Company.

OFFICE OF SUPERINTENDENT,

PETERSBURG, VA.

Schedule of Trains, to take effect June 14

GOING SOUTH.

Leave Petersburg daily at 1:07 p.m.

Arrive at Weldon at 3:20 p.m.

Leave Weldon daily at 7:45 a.m.

Arrive at Petersburg at 12:20 p.m.

GOING NORTH.

Leave Weldon daily at 1:10 p.m.

Arrive at Petersburg at 3:30 p.m.

Leave Petersburg daily at 7:45 a.m.

Arrive at Weldon at 12:20 p.m.

First-class coaches will run through be-

tween Washington and Weldon, and

sleeping cars will be attached to the

through trains. Berths can be had for one

cent per mile. Tickets valid for 15 days.

Southbound trains will stop at Weldon,

Richmond, and Norfolk.

Northbound trains will stop at Weldon,

Richmond, and Norfolk.

Arrive at 1:45 Raleigh, 8:30

Raleigh and Gaston Railroad.

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE,

RALEIGH, N. C., May 29, 1880.

On and after Monday, June 14, 1880, trains

on the R. & G. R. will run daily (Sun-

days excepted) as follows:

No. 1—Leave P. M. No. 2—Leave A. M.

Raleigh, 8:30 Weldon, 3:30

Apex, 8:30 Keyser, 3:30